VOL. LIX.-NO. 293.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, JUNE 19, 1892.—COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY THE SUN PRINTING AND PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION.

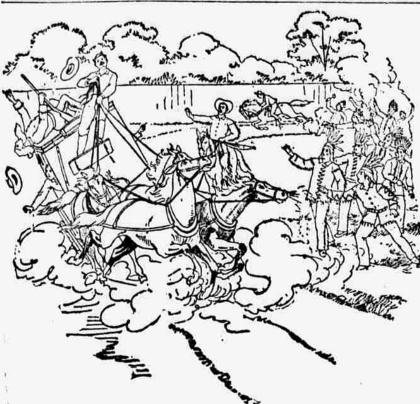
EDWARD W. GOULD KILLED.

Hat the horses attached to the coach were by frightened, and had become very unruly. Was seen that the horse attached to the coach were by frightened, and had become very unruly. Was seen that the frightened and had become very unruly. Was seen that the frightened and had become very unruly. Was seen that the frightened and had become very unruly. Was seen that the frightened and had become very unruly. Was seen that the frightened and had become very unruly. Was seen that the frightened and had become very unruly. Was seen that the frightened and had become very unruly. Was seen that the frightened and had become very unruly. Was seen that the frightened and had become very unruly. Was seen that the frightened and had become very unruly. Was seen that the frightened and the cowbeys, who were now dashing out to attack the indians, could not overtake the coach. But the land and the cowbeys, who were now dashing out to attack the indians, could not overtake the coach was seen that the coach was fright wheels only.

Etward W. Gould, a member of the New York Stock Exchange and conspicuous in Wall street, was killed posterday while participating in the amateur. Wild West'show got up by the Staten Island Athletic Club. The accident occurred in the presence of his family and athousand of his friends, men, women, and children of Staten Island, and their guests from this city.

The show began at the club grounds at West Brighton at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon with every appealance of success. The three grand stands were crowded. There were ten numbers on the programme, but only eight were rendered. The rendering of the ninth was interrupted by the fatal accident. The club house, which should have been a scene of gayoty last night, was as mournful a place as one could well be in.

The last number to be performed was the attack on the "Deadwood Coach." The club had secured the very coach which had been shooting each, and almost in mediately after the field. While any other than the coach was



THE PATAL UP-SET.

first same in sight. The previous numbers had put the crowd in a laughing mood, and they applauded loudly when the master of exemonies announced the object which the seach was to achieve. It was commissioned by the United States Government, he said, to deliver mails and passengers at Deadwood. If hindered or molested in any way by thieves or redskins they were not to spare powder and ball. The coach party, as he announced it,

was composed as follows: Cayuga Jake, driver.......Frederick C. Scott d Transit, outrider......Frank Wiman

members of Brave Buck Club of Staten Island. Of the last named there were five, all young volunteers and not members of the club. The master of ceremonies paid special tribute to The Old Settler, who, he said. had been known in those parts for well nigh sixty years. In conclusion he said to the

members of the coach party:
"Go, and God be with you." Many laughed at this. It was all burlesque of course, and the earnest tones of the speakar and the solemn invocation seemed only a part of it. It was remembered and spoken of

later with sorrow.

Mr. E. W. Gould had until this time been seated with his wife and his son David, on the sented with his wife and his son David, on the covered grand stand. Friends surrounded them, and Mr. Gould, who was a noted joker and merrymaker, was in high spirits.

His wife, a very gentle and refined lady, appeared quietly amused and the son was having a good time, too. Mr. Gould forsook the party just before the coach scene. When he appeared to the assembly again he was stretched out at full length on top of the stage as. The Old Settler." He were a false gray beard, which was long and flowing, and held an old-fashioned double-barrelled rifle in his hand. He was Iving partly on his left side, with his head leaning against the driver's box. His old clothes and flaunce shift made him look particularly funny to the growd, who had seen him before only as a very heatly dressed member of fashionable society and a leading member of numerous swell clubs. There was a merry twinkle in his eyes as he faced his wife and son and the group surrounding these. As the coach moved away be turned over on his right side, so that his back was to the crowds on the other two stands as the coach passed them. They saw his lace only when the coach had gone around the turn, bringing its rear into view. The Young men inside the coach stuck their heads out of the windows and shouted to friends in covered grand stand. Friends surrounded

case was to the crowds on the other two pands as the coach passed them. They saw his lace only when the coach had gone around the turn, bringing its rear into view. The year man and the turn, bringing its rear into view. The year of the windows and shouted to friends in the sudience: "Here goes for a good time."

Loug Mr. Wiman, a son of Erastus Wiman, redeslongside, attired in a red flannel shirt, fings-frimmed buckskin trousers, with a big carridge belt around his waist and a revolver fa shoster at his side. The coach was drawn of six horses, which had been hired from a livery stable. Mr. Scott, the driver, has been secustomed to driving four, six, and even eight horses, and he had only a moment tefore given an exhibition of fancy riding which showed him to be well versed in the handling of horses. Mr. Jacob Cram had been expected to drive, but he was aisent at Caying Lake.

The position taken by Mr. Goold seemed dangerous, and at a few comments were heard on the stander. Some of the chis men who were there said, however, that it was all right. The whole thing had been rehearsed, they said, and Mr. Goold knew well what he was about. The found had been rehearsed, they said, and Mr. Goold for the colls, where had ye as perfectly smooth. It builged a little at the centre and sloped off to the ends, where had the centre and sloped off to the ends where there was a slender from railing not more there was a slender from railing not more than five inches high. It looked extremely easy for the man stretched out apparently so carelessly to roll off to the ends where than five inches high. It looked extremely easy for the man stretched out apparently so carelessly to roll off in a lurch of the coach, but all went well as the horses dashed along, and the coach rolle laround the circular track to a point opposite the centre stand. At that point was the entrance to the dressing grounds, and the painted Indians and spectacular cowboys could be seen from the stands, waiting behind a fence until they received the coach as it

sovered stand, with his white signal flag in his hand.

When the coach had got about half way between the entrance to the dressing grounds and the covered stand the white flag was waved and the Indians came pouring out rell mel with horrible shrieks and yeals. One of the wildest was ridward W. Gould, Jr. a son and partner of the man on the conch.

Alt. doubt senior, rose up has a little from his reclining position, so as to be able to bring his rifle to his shoulder, and young Wiman, the outrider, turned in his saddle. Then the indians began a fusilade with their revolvers, and Mr. Goulds rifle and Mr. Wiman's revolver spoke in speedy reply. In fact, it was difficult to tell which fired first, the Indians or the others. The majority in the audience shouled and laughed in merry appreciation of bestelling performances. Only a few noticed

over Mr. Gould for half an hour. Young Edward Gould, with his face still covered with paint, but his gaudy feather headdress discarded, wandered about moaning and wringing his hands.

Father, father," he cried, "it's bad enough to die, but to be killed like this!"

Several friends who had learned from the physicians that the father's neck was broken and that he could not possibly live, tried to lead the son away, but he would not go. He did not believe at first that his father was mortally hurt, and he watched eagerly while brandy was administered to him. His friends tried to get him home on the pretext of having things ready when his father reached there, but he refused to leave. His brother David had joined him, and he, too, was beside himself and refused to leave. As soon as the accident had occurred Mrs. Gould, who had been so greatly shocked that she was helpless, had been taken home in a carriage by friends.

had joined him, and he, too, was beside himself and refused to leave. As soon as the accident had occurred Mrs. Gould, who had been so greatly shocked that she was helpless, had been taken home in a carriage by friends.

In the mean time there was very great excitement on the grounds. When the coach feli Mr. Scott landed on his feet, and the reins were jerked out of his hands. The horses thus unchecked leaped forward with renewed energy, and jerked the pole and forward wheels clear of the coach. With these dragging behind them they started around the track again. The battered and broken coach lay on its right side, and the five passengers were still within it. Indians, cowboys, and spectators hastened to the rescue. When the coach was lifted up the whole right side dropped out and the young men were left on the track. All were cut and bruised more or less, but the only one who required medical treatment was James Mahoney, who had a gash at the top of his head. All went home immediately.

While the track was still filled with excited men the runaway horses came around again. Nobody saw them until they were close at hand, and then there was a scampering. The horses dashed off on to the turf into the very centre of the crowd of cowboys and Indians, and matters looked serious, when, fortunately, one of the horses full and dragged the others down with him. Then they were quickly caught and subdued. At this time very few knew about Mr. Gould's fatal injury, and the master of ceremonies reassured the majority by announcing that nobody had been burt, and that the performance would continue. At that very moment, however, the physicians working over Mr. Gould's fatal injury, and the master of ceremonies reassured the majority by announcing that nobody had been sent to the club house only a short distance away, and blankets were brought down to cover the body. The news spread, and the people in the stands came down, or stood up on the top row of heads and the body, wrapped in blankets, was carried on this to the club hous

sued and the body was removed to the could family residence.

Mr. Gould was 57 years old. His grayish-blond beard and rather seanty hair made him look his age, but his actions indicated that he was very strong and vigorous. He was the head of the firm of L. W. Gould & Co., at 44 New street. His son Edward is a member of the firm, and David is employed by it. Mr. Gould was a member of the Nock Exchange, and was well and favorably known on the street. He was very fond of outdoor sports, and he enjoyed life thoroughly. He lived for twenty-two years in the hundsome residence at West Brighton, in which his body now lies, not far from the Staten Island Athletic Club house. He was a charter member of the latter, and had been a director. His son Edward is the Secretary. Mr. Gould, Sr., had also been a member of the New York Yacht Club and of the two sons mentioned. The family was too much overcome last night to announce the function of the country Club. He leaves only his wife and the two sons mentioned. The family was too much overcome last night to announce the function of the state of the country of the family was too much overcome last night to announce the function of the state of the state of the state of the state of the family will dempen the energies of the Staten Island Athletic Club for a time. The baseball nine had exacted to play a championship game after the Wild West show. Mean the did as of having an amateur Wild West show on State Island was first suggested two months ago there were not wanting people to predict that it would result in serious accident. But the men who compose the Staten Island Athletic Club, both young and old, laughed at the timidity which prompted the suggestion, and started in with enthusiasm to convert themselves into cowboys and Indian.

Sentiment in the club seemed to be unanimously in favor of it, and Mr. Gould, Sr., was family residence. Mr. Gould was 57 years old. His grayish-

one of the enthusiastic advocates of the idea. The affair was talked of constantly, and it was advertised over the country by newspaper correspondents, who dwelt upon the fun there would be when the society swells tried to ride kicking bronchos. The club members who entered into the affair spent a large amount of money in securing preper costumes, and even went into training. It appears that about everything on the programme was rehearsed except the coach scene. The horses had never been put to the stest, and this oversight was severely criticised after the accident. To expect green horses to be calm while pistols and guns were being fired all around them was hardly reasonable, said the critics. It had been arranged to have two performances, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. As it was known that many guests would come from New York, arrangements to accommodate them had been made at the club house. A grand dinner had been propared, and extra bedrooms had been fixed up. The dinner went untusted and the bedrooms romained unoccupied.

Alfred F. Camacho, the originator and general manager of the show, was almost as much grieved as Mr. Gould's relatives last night. His associates on the Managing Committee, J. Eberhard Faber, President of the club, Join W. Edwards, William C. Rowland, and George M. Mackellar, also felt a semi-responsibility.

The programme of the show included a grand entry of all the performers, several indian dances, an illustration of the way of canturing an Indian bride, by riding her down: a buffalo and wild beast hunt by cowboys, lasso throwing, the pony express, fanney riding, races between Indians and Cowboys, the Deadwood Conch, "and "Burning the Cabin." The last was not presented, as it was to come after the "Deadwood Coach." This was the cast:

COWBOYS.
Lattle Fred F. C. Rodeway Dashing Dick R. K. Cook Kicking Bill Morton W. Smit Wild Dick Howard C. Jen Wild Charley Edgar Hick Paps John J. W. Edward
Rapid Transit Frank Wima
King Co.e. R. Penn Smit Buckskin George G. G. G. Tainte
Handsome Harry H. Tainte
The Doctor I. Van Rensselav
The Haron W M Jone
Pine Knot Ex Norton J Bowie Knife Jack Bryce Whit
The Pareon Will Saports Pittsburgh Phit P C St
Three Fingered Mike Alties
Musical Harry H. J. Tyndal
Red Coin. R Conylighat Song Bird Bob Beverley Hounes
The Barber F. Barbe
Cross Phil Philip Cros
Big Charley C. F. Ha. btrong Jim J. Ha.
Little Pat P. Ilart, J. Leadville Dick Lother W. Fabe
Pony Harry II Hun
Centaur Fred T Scot
Por Le: Pistol Dick Richard Satterie Aquehonga George F. Ockerhause Bronco l'ete A. F. Camach
INDIAN CHIEPS.

Aquehonga George F. Ockerhaus
Bronco l'ete
Bronco l'ete. A. F. Camac Indian CHIEFS. Chuck-a-Luck Harry Wim Printing Devil Arthur Lavingat Too Tough M. Manzane Fire Water W. R. Mill Photo-graph Isaac Alinstea More Rum G. W. Cla Old Sport Raymond F. Bray Rain-in-the-Face Ben Wo Littie Histchet Daniel Carsta Fen Knife Oacar Schuld Centre Field Editer Irish King Arthur J. Mon Wooden Fins J. W. Cc Fiying Wheels Harvey R. Ri Kil' von Kuil Seiner Lone Star R. B. J. W. Cc Lone Star R. R. D. Jacks Lean and Lengthy Steve M. Carg Hand-some Willie F. W. Janus Wrong Arm Harry W. Janus Wong Arm Harry W. Janus Wong Arm Harry W. Janus Wong Arm Harry W. Janus Ron Ton Jake Maser Lone Star G. He Frairie Jake Mary Chief Chuck Bary Cold Marcow Bones Franklin Hean Bon Ton E. M. P. Poor Lou L. B. Fren Golden Whiskers Charles M. Barre Funck Barry Funck Barre Funck Charles M. Barre Funck Charles M. Barre Funck Charles M. Barre Funck
Dinck the Donck W. A. Lentish Tie Tac. William I. Tickn
More Trouble
Nigger Nig T. A. Mote
Water PoloL. L. Estil
Short Stop. F. H. Br Razor C. Braz
The Senator
Chief Dope Medicine Man. E. J. Barna Great Chief How About That W. C. Rowin
If the accident had not occurred the ente

MR. EMMONS BLAINE DEAD.

THE EX-SECRETARY AND FAMILY. Illness Consequent Upon the Young Man's Work for His Father at the Minneapolis Convention Empidiy Culmitates and

ANOTHER SUDDEN AFFLICTION FOR

Brings Death Almost Without Warning -Impossible to Send to the Bar Harbor Family at Night Any News of Serious Illness, and the Blow Fell Almost Without Preparation-Official and Society Circles in Washington Much Shocked-The Ex-Secretary Starts for Chicago-Deaths In the Family Within the Last Three Years -The Unfortunate History of the Seward Mansion, New the Binine Family Realdence in the City of Washington,

CHICAGO, June 18.-Emmons Blaine, the second son of James G. Binine, died at 11:15 o'clock this morning at the McCormick mansion, 135 Rush street. He had been ill only few hours, and his death was wholly unexpected. Septiemmia, which developed late last night from a bowel complaint, was the immediate cause of death. Mrs. Emmons Blaine and her son, McCormick Blaine, 2 years old, and Mrs. Cyrus McCormick were the only members of the family at the bedshie when he passed away. Death came so swiftly that there was not even time to summon the other members of the McCormick family, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McCormick, who were in the house at the time.

Ineffectual efforts were made throughout the night to reach James G. Blaine and Mrs.

Blaine by telegraph to convey the intelligence of their son's dangerous condition. It was impossible to get a telegram through, either to Mr. Blaine or to any one who could transmit the message to him. The New York and Boston representatives of the McCormick Company were instructed to exert

the information to some member of Mr. Blaine's family, or to Mr. Cyrus McCormick, who went to New York several days ago, but up to noon to-day the efforts had availed

nothing.
Mr. W. G. McCormick immediately assumed charge of all matters incident to the funeral. Representatives of the local press and the press associations were admitted to the house a few moments after Mr. Blaine's death and received the statement of attending physicians Drs. Billings and Alpost, which was: "Mr. Emmons Blaine died at 11:15 o'clock of septicmmia (blood poisoning), due to disease of the bowels."

Mr. McCormick insisted that no announcement of his prother-in-law's death should be printed until private advices had reached the Blaine family.
"It would be a death blow to them all to re-ceive the dreadful news without preparation."

Jesus (1962) and the common of the common of

couple. Hile wife's share of the McCormick estate

was something over \$3,000,000, and Emmons Blaine managed it, part of his duties being the Fresidency of the Chicago Shipbuilding Com-

Baine managed it, part of his duties being the Presidency of the Chicago Shipbuilding Company.

Mr. Blaine graduated from Harvard College a short time before his marriage and went immediately into the radirond business. He started as elect in the Chicago freight office of the Chicago and Northwestern Rallway and was promoted until he became head of one of the departments of the road. Then he was made Assistant President of the West Virginia Central, and afterward Assistant General Manager of the Bailmore and Chic. During the last month he has received more publication than at any time during his life.

When the Bailmed determined to make the fight for the nomination, Mr. Blaine intrusted to Emmons the post of manager of his interests at Minneapolis, the post that Walker Blaine would have had had he been alive. The overthrow of the revolt against Harrison hit Emmons Blaine harder than any others of the family. He had worked night and day, and the final, and to him unexpected, blow struck him when his nervous system was exhausted and his general health undermined by the drinking water of Minneapolis. He got home last Sunday, and has been growing steadily worse ever since.

In Washington yesterday afternoon everybody was taking of this event and of its connection with the current superstition about the



Mr. Blaine's Washington Residence. old Seward mansion. The Blaines have lived there ever since their return to Washington with the Harrison Administration. When they moved in the superstitiously inclined shoot their heads and said that James G. Blaine had been none too fortunate of late years to tempt ill fortune by living in a house with a blight upon it.

been none toe fortunate of late years to tempt ill fortune by living in a house with a blight upon it.

This house, known as the Seward mansion, although it was built years before Mr. Seward lived it, stands in Lafayette square, and is seen and noted by visitors to Washington almost as much as the While House itself. It is a house with no pretension to elegance in its exterior. It stands even with the sidewalk, and the grounds, which are ample and beautiful, are at the sides and at the rear. It is three stories and a half high, and gives an impression of gloom, although the architecture is severe and simple rather than gloomy.

The first occupant of this house was Secretary Spencer, and soon after he moved into it his son, a Lieutenant in the navy, was hanged at sea for taking part in an alleged mutiny. During President Euchanan's Administration the Washington Club occupied it. Philip Barton Key, the District Altorney of the District of Columbia in these days, was a member of this club. He spent there the earlier hours of that afternoon in which Gen. Sickles shot him, and went out of the club house to die within an hour. After this the club did not stay there long and it was vacant for a time. Secretary Seward was the next to live in it. And on April 14, 1865. Louis Payno forced his way into one of its bedchambers where the Secretary was lying ill and stabled him nearly to death. For four years after this the War Department kept a patroi there day and night, and this did not add to the reputation of the house.

After Secretary Seward, Secretary Belknap.

FOR HILL TO THE END.

New York's Delegates Have No Second Choice.

THE GREAT BATTLE BEGUN

Iowa's Boomers Making the Most Noise.

the Wisdom of Nominating Bim in the Face of the Fact that He to Weaker Than He Was in 1888-The Leaders Looking About for a Man on Whom They Can Unite in Case that They Can Convince the Cleveland People that the ex-President Cannot be Elected If Nominated-The Cleveland Men Open Three Hendquarters - Ex-Secretary Whitney Says They Have 550 Votes, and that They Will Stick to Their Candidate Until the as to the wisdom of nominating him. Show Flies-Owens of Kentucky Named this leader replied: "That is all that for Temporary Chairman-Talk About bothers them. They are well aware that the Platform and the Condidates.

CHICAGO, June 18.—The witches' caldron of political strife is heaping up to fulness as every hour goes by, and soon it will be ready for the fagots and the invocation dance in the | delegations are from the States that can't be Convention hall. Every incoming delegation adds skin of snake or head of toad to the devil's broth, and by Monday the pot will contain a mixture capable of pleasing the palate of any orcerer among the politicians.

The basis of the broth—that is to say, the

beefstock that forms the basis of every such cattle product—is in this case the majority that has been sent here for Cleveland; but so much else is being thrown in on top of it that not even ex-Secretary Fairchild can say to-day within the past three weeks got him (THE that the stock has the same taste it had when he brought it here.

The city is beginning to have a little of the Convention aspect. Great stuffed tigers were put on view in the Leland Hotel. and the auditorium badge venders, nearly all selling Grover Cleveland badges, appeared on the pavements. A solitary band, heading a sad-looking lot of white Indians from Colorado, paraded the streets, and the corridors of the Palmer House and the Grand Pacific Hotel began to hum with the noise of dense masses of gan to hum with the noise of dense masses of the pension disbursement and who are afraid politicians as a harvest field sings when the that he is inimical to their interests. Morereapers are at work.

Perhaps the queerest outcome of the situa-tion was the action of the saloon keepers, who began putting out pictures of Cleveland and Hill side by side in the grog shop windows. These men want the custom of the great bands of thirsty New Yorkers that have come and are coming, and, not understanding our Empire State politics, thought the surest way to please us was to show both candidates. Put side by side in that way the pictures had the same effect as portraits of Cain and Abel would produce upon the average mind.

Another ridiculous development is the literary bureau, a thing peculiar to New York and regularly descended from the days of Samuel J. Tilden. The Sage of Greystone did some of his most efficacious work with his literary bureau. He knew how. He appealed to the intelligence and the ambition, the Interests and the weaknesses of Republicans and Democrats alike, with the written and printed matter that he made public. Ever since his day in every home campaign and National Convention some wing or other of the Democrats has kept up his idea. But the idea, as the farmers would say, has run down to the emptyings."

and written chatter every day.

Some of the reporters take it off their hands, it is hard to have to think so poorly of journalism. The regular New York organization has begun to do a little of the same work with the same dismal results.

Not to depart from the subjects of literature and journalism, it is worth while just here to say that if the Chicago newspapers followed Frederick Hudson's rule of raising some one thing to a sensation on each day of the year. they would all lead their papers with accounts

of the weather. Every one knows that weather goes by wholesale out here. We have it at retail in New York, and it comes in job lots at Buffalo and Pittsburgh, but the only shipments to Chicago come by train loads at a time.

Tornadous, and thunder storms, fearful rains, and sudden visitations of black darkness during business hours are visitations that average twice a day. No New Yorker who has not imperilled his life by a visit to Chiengo can claim any knowledge of the subject of weather, or conceive what is going on out here.

Every now and then the sky turns black, the rain falls in torrents, the lightning flashes. and the thunder roars. Bolts of electricity enter the rooms in the hotels, the atmosphere is blindingly illuminated, the trees rock, the dust flies, the people rush for the houses. leaving the streets as bare as the roads to a deserted village, and the very roar of battle fills the air. There is no escape from the terrors of these storms. Those who are at table in the hotel dining rooms or at fancied case in the sleeping apartments, see the blinding flashes, hear the deafening roar, and feel, or fancy that they feel, the rocking and swaying of the scraping edifices around them. Every day. as an additional course at breakfast, they read of the deaths and mutilations by the previous day's storms. If the politicians should nominate the junior Senator from New York next week the combination of politicians and weather might perhaps reach the expectations of that drunken Cleveland man who was at the Auditorium last night shouting that he was

Woman, lovely woman, is on deck again as at Minneapolis. The woman reporter is here-she who elbows her way among the men where they are thickest, and whom nothing daunts. The female typewriters are scattored wherever there are political chieftains or newspaper correspondents. They are in the hotel lobbles beside their little tables. In the hotel bedroomseverywhere they are seen, making a cheery chorus with their clicking keys.

A large proportion of the leaders of the party are here, but the trouble is that many of th delegations are either represented only partly or not at all. Until these vote-carriers are al here it will be impossible to discuss the possibilities of the Convention with clearness or

confidence.

Calvin S. Brice is on hand, active, talkative, bright-eyed, and nervous as ever. Senator Gorman has come with that wonderful face that betrays his emotions only on the side that is turned away from the man who talks to him. Ex-Gov. Campbell of Ohio is present, but says little, thinks a great deal, and homes still more. William C. Whitney and William Harrity of Pennsylvania are at the Richelieu managing the Cleveland forces and trying to guide

the Grace and Fairchild faction lest it spread dismay.

roy, and other Tammany men are at their headquarters, and the Chicago newspapers are printing their alleged discovery that Tammany is not for Hill at all, that none of its leaders believe Hill will be nominated, and that no attempt is made to conceal the fact.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Iowa remains in great force, but little is being heard of Boies as time goes on. Indiana is almost fully represented, with Senator Voorhees representing the strong anti-Cleveland sentiment in the dele-gation. Michigan men are thick as hops at the Palmer House, and Don Manuel Dickinson, their biggest man, is with Whitney and Harrity at the Richelieu. Patrick Collins of Boston, B. B. Smalley of Rutland, and Arthur Sewell of Maine are likewise on the ground. Sewell's son, the Consul-General at Samoa, who is more noted than his father, is also in the crowds, with Vilas, Bragg, and a

host of smaller fry.
Confidential talks with the chiefs among the great Democratic leaders here reveal a pecu-liar and interesting state of affairs. One of these, himself a beloved son of the party, who is often spoken of for the Presidency, declined this afternoon to say that Grover Cleveland would not be nominated. He is no Cleveland man and never was, but he says Cleveland has the votes and can be nominated if his friends insist upon it. Asked whether they did not, or whether some of them have grave doubts they run a great risk of putting up a man who is beaten on the cards to-day, but though they have their misgivings it is impossible to say what they will do. There is no doubt of their strongth, though the Geveland carried. To be sure he has some Southern States that are Democratic, so that his case is not exactly like that of Harrison at Minneapo-

lis, but it is nearly so." Still another man, whose position in the party is an eminent one, stated the case to be such that Cleveland controls five-sixths of the Convention. He said, however, that there is not a conspicuous man at work for Cleveland, Sun's informant) into a room and bolted the door and whispered that it was a grave quostion whether Cleveland would be elected.

The doubts of Cleveland's strength are based on the fact that he has all the disadvantages he had in 1888 without all the advantages he had at that time. He has lost the vast machinery of the officeholding element. for instance. Against him he has the mercenary interest of the 900,000 or million persons who benefit by over, many Democrats believe that if he were elected the machinery of the party would be surrendered to Mugwumps, visionaries, and reformers, who would disrupt and almost destroy the party.

This is the talk on every hand-this and the noise of the feud in New York State. There is no question that the Grace-Fairchild-Ander-son element sent here from the auti-snap Convention has been doing the Cleveland cause more harm than good. Their friends have told them so, and they are said to be convinced of it themselves.

They have practically abandoned their plan of making a light for admission to the Convention, and are telling the other leaders so in whispers. There is little doubt that this acquisition of good sense on their part will be authoritatively made public within the next twenty-four hours.

The reason for this change of base is not merely that they stood no chance of getting seated in the Convention. They knew that in Syracuse last May. But their promise of a row and the angry talk of the regulars from New York State spread alarm among the delegates from the other States, especially among the

Cleveland voters.
It turns out now that the Syracuse Conven-Just as Barney Biglin sneered at Andrew D.

Vhite as a man who "monkeyed with the a bolt, in spite of the Syracuse pledge to sup-White as a man who "monkeyed with the magazines," so these Tilden imitators here are nort the nomines, wheever he might be. The monkeying with literature. The anti-snappers are the chief offenders. They literally turn out yards and yards of worthless interviews

This unblassed and careful view of the situation will not be complete without a plain expression of the fact that though Cleveland holds the and perhaps some newspapers publish it, but | key to the situation, the leaders are looking about for a man to whom the party can shift in case they can convince the Cleveland people that the ex-President could not be elected if he were nominated. Said one of the shrewdest

of these leaders to-day: "It is my prediction that if Cleveland is not nominated the party will take up a soldier. He will be chosen from the region west of the Alleguenies and will not come from below

Mason and Dixon's line." In reply to the question, "What soldiers have we?" he said that there are many. Palmer of Illinois is one, Campbell of Ohio is one. Bill Morrison of Illinois is a soldier from two wars, and carries three ounces of lead in his oody. This lender was very careful to say that in his prediction he did not exclude l'attison of Pennsylvania, whose district was west of the Alleghenies, and who also is a soldier. This line of talk and thought is so dominant here that it is having its effect on the work of the National Committee in planning theorganization of the Convention. They find men

will not take the permanent or temporary Chairmanship. Gorman will not, for instance, nor will Campbell. These men are both urged to do so, Campbell particularly, but he knows too much to disappoint a Convention as McKinley did at Minneapolis, or to make a Convention too familiar with him, as every Chairman

who, thinking of themselves as possible can-

didates should the Cleveland ranks be broken.

must do He will not put his Presidential chances on any such two-penny altar as the rostrum of the Convention Hall.

NO THOUGHT OF A COMPROMISE. The New York Delegation for Hill, First,

Last, and All the Time. CHICAGO, June 18 .- The entire New York

tate delegation is now here. Every one of hem is convinced that Cleveland would stand no show of carrying the Empire State. The delegates who expressed these sentiments are men of experience and have been in the forecont of many a fray. All are onthusiastic for David B. Hill. Big Chief Croker followed up his previous interview with these words to-"We have nothing against Cleveland, only

the Democrats of New York don't want him-that's all. Mugwumps and Democrats are different kinds of animals. They don't mix well, you know. The nomination of Cleveland would simply mean the destruction of the Democratic organization as it now exists in the State of New York. Fairchild and the rest of these people who are against us now have always been against us in the State of New York. In every victory that we have achieved in that State in the last seven years we have had these people arrayed against us. I think that in this Convention the opinion of the people who have led the party in these victories should be respected, as they certainly know the condition in that State. Cleveland's nomination would arouse no enthusiasm. When he was President I did all I could to get the city of New York, but was unable to do so, and appointed a Democrat he would have been elected in 1888, so great was the dissatisfaction created by his action in appointing to the Richard Croker, Edward Murphy, Mr. Pur- | most important offices members of the opposite